

M A N

Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs. *Shakesp. Henry IV.*

of these trees is all natural, but the Italians procure a forced kind by wounding the trunks and branches: the finest *manna* of all is that which oozes naturally out of the leaves in August, after the season of collecting the common *manna* is over: the French have another sort of *manna*, produced from the

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L'Esrange's Fables.

My parks, my walks, my *manors* that I had;
Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.